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NUMBER 4.

The Rutland Herald

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RUTLAND, VT.

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W. O. TOWER, Printer.

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ADVERTISING.
A line of advertisement inserted for \$1
per square (10 lines) for three weeks, 25 cents
per square will be charged for each subsequent
week.

ISLAND HOUSE,
BELLINGHAM FALLS, VT.

A CARD.
I take this method to correct a very erro-
neous impression, which I regret to learn has
been widely spread, viz. that the Island House
is closed. On the contrary, I am happy to inform
the public that the flag is still flying, and the
house is open, and as usual, the best of service
will be rendered to all who may call. I am, Sir,
Very respectfully,
R. S. TOWER.

NEW JEWELRY SHOP.
BELLINGHAM FALLS, Nov. 3, 1851.

G. A. W. CLARK would respectfully
inform the inhabitants of Rutland and vicinity
that they have opened a shop in Perkins Block,
Merchants Row, where they have for sale a good assortment
of Watches, Watch Trimmings, Clocks,
Jewelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles,
Fancy Goods, &c. &c.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELRY.
Rutland, VT.

HOLBROOK & SMITH,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES,
all kinds, also Good warranted Double
Sole Boots, by the dozen.
West Rutland, Sept. 3, 1851.

PATENT MEDICINES
NO CURE NO PAY.
H. L. SPENCER
Patent medicines which he will
guarantee to be cured by the Manufacturer
with all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES
of the day, many of which are warranted
to cure the most obstinate of the most
incurable diseases. Be sure and call
on the "Old Patent Medicine Emporium"
located opposite the Franklin Hotel.

SCHOOL BOOKS.
A large supply of the books recommended
by the Board of Education, and all the
books to be used in the schools, at low
prices.
H. L. SPENCER.

TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY.
The Winter Term will commence Dec.
12 and continue 15 weeks.
O. FAVILLE.

NEW GOODS.
At the Store located North of the Court
House, East side of Franklin Square.

J. C. FLETCHER, a general assortment of
American, English, French and German
DRUGS, GROCERIES, CROCK-
ERY AND HARDWARE,
which will be sold cheap for cash, and on credit
to persons who are known to be reliable. The
credit and barter will be given.

O. L. ROBBINS.
Rutland, May, 1851.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
The subscriber is selling off his entire stock
at a great discount, and at a low price.
Among the stock are: FINEST THURSDAY
PAPER, BROAD LEAF, CASSIMERE,
BESTING, DOLANS, PRINTS, &c. &c.
A general assortment of Groceries and
Hardware, all of which are offered at a low
price, and must be sold.

J. D. PROCTOR.
Centre Rutland, Nov. 1851.

Fresco Painting.
JOHN SAWIN.
Professional Decorator of Churches, Halls,
and Private residences in all the orders of
Architecture, foreign Artists employed, re-
fers to 28 Churches established in Mass.
Chm. N. York & Vt. Residence, Green
field Mass.

References.
Past. Hitchcock, Amherst College, Mass.
Dr. Gray, Bridge, Pittsfield Mass.
Dr. Swift, Bennington, Vt.
Dr. W. Clapp, Greenfield, Mass.

BURNING FLUID
AND LAMPS.
THE LADIES EXCHANGE.
A large assortment of the Patent Improved
Lamp of the following kinds:
Lamp, Side, and Desk Lamps for church
and Stores, Aerial, Mantle, Entry, and
Hall Lamps, also Patent Improved Burn-
ing Fluid. All the above will be sold at a
low price for cash.

Particular attention paid to orders for the
above articles.
CHAS. PAGE.

MONOCROMATIC PAINTING.
The subscriber would respectfully announce
to the public that he has taken rooms in Rut-
land, where he will give lessons in mono-
chromatic painting, terms low. Patronage re-
spectfully solicited.
F. R. BOWLER.

Dividends!!
INTEREST DIVIDENDS on the Stock of
the Rutland & Burlington Railroad Cor-
poration, bought and sold by
THOMAS J. LOVELL.
No. 2 Merchants Exchange Building
Rutland, Vermont.
Nov. 10, 1851.

POETRY.

From the German of Arnold.
BEAUTY AND THE DAWN.

I said unto the Dawn: Why art thou bright
With amber glow, and tints of rose light?
I said unto a maid:—as morning fair—
Why wreath with smiles thy lip with
flowers thy hair?
Beauty and morn' ye quickly must decay,
Soon fade your tints, and die your smiles
away.
Therefore adorn not!

'I deck myself,' the Dawn replied, 'in
light,
In splendor and in radiant splendor bright.
In those rich hues rejoice to be arrayed,
Nor ask, nor know, when fate shall bid them
fade.
He who made the moon and stars ordained
to shine
Made those rich hues and fading splendor
mine.
Therefore I adorn not.'

'I deck myself,' replied the beautiful Maid,
'I've yet the spring time of my youth doth
fade.
Shall that short spring in settled gloom be
past,
Because stern fate must bid it fade at last?
He who gives plumage to the bird bestows,
Who gives and takes—the colors of the
rose.
In him I trust—and mourn not.'

A BOY'S SONG.
BY THE LITTLE BOYFRIEND.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the sea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and fly,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bend,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall true,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away,
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or boys to hammer and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water, and over the sea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

THE THREE MELON SEEDS.

When I was a school boy, more
than fifty years ago, I remember to
have read, in an English journal,
whose name I have forgotten, a story
which may have been a fiction; but
which was very naturally told, and
made a deep impression upon me. I
will endeavor to draw it forth from
the locker of my memory; and en-
gage beforehand, to be very much
indebted to any one who will indicate
its original source.

Three young gentlemen, who had
finished the most substantial part of
their repast, were lingering over their
fruit and wine, at an eating house in
London, when a man of middle age,
and middle stature, entered the pub-
lic room, where they were sitting,
seated himself at one end of a small
unoccupied table; and calling the
waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop
and a glass of ale. His appearance,
at first view, was not likely to arrest
the attention of any one. His hair
was getting to be thin and gray; his
expression of his countenance was so-
litude, with a slight touch, perhaps of
melancholy; and he wore a gray sur-
coat, with a standing collar, which,
manifestly, had seen service, if the
wearer had not—just such a thing as
an officer would bestow upon his serv-
ing man. He might be taken, plausi-
bly enough, for a country magistrate
or an attorney of limited practice, or
a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop,
and sip his ale, in silence, without
lifting his eyes from the table, until a
melon seed sportively snapped from
the thumb and finger of one of the
gentlemen at the opposite table, struck
him upon his right ear. His eye was
instantly upon the aggressor, and his
ready intelligence gathered, from the
ill-suppressed merriment of the party
that this petty impertinence was in-
tentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up
the melon seed, and a scarcely
perceptible smile passed over his fea-
tures, as he carefully wrapped up the
seed, in a piece of paper, and placed it
in his pocket. This singular pro-
cedure, with their preconceived im-
pressions of their customer, some-
what elevated as they were by the
wine they had partaken, capsize their
gravity entirely, and a burst of
irresistible laughter proceeded from
the group.

The stranger continued to finish his frugal
repast in quiet, until another melon
seed, from the same hand, struck him
upon the right elbow. This also, to the
infinite amusement of the other
party, he picked from the floor, and
carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third
melon seed was soon after discharged,
which hit him upon the left breast.—
This also he very deliberately took
from the floor, and deposited with the
other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in
paying for his repast, the gaiety of
these sporting gentlemen became
slightly subdued. It was not easy to
account for this. Lavater would not
have been able to detect the slightest
evidence of irritation or resentment
upon the features of the stranger.—
He seemed a little taller, to be sure,
and the carriage of his head might
have appeared to them rather more
erect. He walked to the table at
which they were sitting, and with that
air of dignified calmness, which is a
thousand times more terrible than
wrath, drew a card from his pocket,
and presented it with perfect civility
to the offender, who could do no less
than to offer his own in return.—
While the stranger unfolded his sur-
coat, to take the card from his pocket,
they had a glance at the address
coat of a military man. The card
disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry
at the bar was sufficient for the rest.
He was a captain whom ill-health and
long service had entitled to half-pay.

In earlier life he had been engaged in
several affairs of honor, and in the
dialect of the fancy, was a dead shot.
The next morning a note arrived at
the aggressor's residence, containing
a challenge, in form, and one only of
the melon seeds. The truth then
flashed before the challenged party—
it was the challenger's intention to
make three bites at the cherry—three
separate affairs out of this unwarrant-
able frolic! The challenge was ac-
cepted, and the challenged party, in
deference to the challenger's reputed
skill with the pistol, had half decided
upon the small sword; but with his
friends, who were on the alert, soon
discovered that the captain, who had
risen by his merit, had, in the earlier
days of his necessity, gained his bread
as an accomplished instructor in the
use of that very weapon.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the
stranger continued to finish his frugal
repast in quiet, until another melon
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as an accomplished instructor in the
use of that very weapon.

They met and fired alternately, by
lot—the young man had selected this
mode, thinking he might win the first
fire—he did—fired, and missed his
opponent. The captain leveled his
pistol and fired—the ball passed
through the flap of the right ear, and
grazed the bone; and as the wounded
man involuntarily put his hand to the
place, he remembered that it was on
the right ear of his antagonist that the
melon seed had fallen. Here ended
the first lesson.

A month had passed. His friends
cherished the hope that he would hear
nothing more from the captain, when
another note—a challenge of course;
and another of those accursed melon
seeds arrived, with the captain's apol-
ogy, on the score of ill-health, for not
sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultane-
ously, and the captain, who was
unhurt, shattered the right elbow of
his antagonist; the very point upon
which he had been struck by the melon
seed; and here ended the second
lesson.

There was something awfully im-
pressive in the *modus operandi*, and
exquisite skill of his antagonist. The
third melon seed was still in his pos-
session, and the aggressor had not for-
gotten that it had struck the unfor-
tunate gentleman upon the left breast.
A month has passed; another; and
another of terrible suspense; but,
nothing was heard from the captain.
Intelligence had been received that
he was confined to his lodgings by
illness.

At length the gentleman who had
been his second in the former duels,
once more presented himself, and
tendered another note, which, as the
recipient perceived on taking it con-
tained the last of the melon seeds.
The note was superscribed in the
captain's well known hand, but it was
the writing evidently of one who
wrote diffidently. There was an
unusual solemnity, also, in the man-
ner of him who delivered it. The
seal was broken, and there was the
melon seed in a blank envelope.

'And what, sir, am I understand
by this?'

'You will understand, sir, that my
friend forgives you; he is dead.'

Why are your eyes like stage
horses? They are always under
lashes.

Why is a fool like twenty hundred
weight? Because he is a simple-
ton.

Are bachelors taxed in Pennsylvan-
ia? Not but their patience for
quently is.

From the Flag of Our Union.
A TRYING CASE.
BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

The henpecked husband returned
to the city a few days previous to
'jubilee times,' to consult with his
attorney concerning the laws of di-
vorce. It is thought he finds them
more stringent than he anticipated.
He was driven to this expedient at
the suggestion of a female friend who
has interposed her meddlesome pro-
pensities between the aforesaid Mr.
Scratch and wife. It appears Scratch
was married more than a year ago to
a city sister. She had been the
pride of her wealthy parents upwards
of twenty summers; had coquetted
at New York, and danced the polka
at Saratoga; had stood on Table
Rock a few days before it submerged,
and at the time of her engagement
with Phineas Scratch, Esq., was un-
dergoing the process of flirtation with
Don Jose, now banished by the 'foray'
to the mines for ten years of his soli-
tary life.

Mr. Scratch can bring sufficient
witnesses to prove that he has in all
respects deposed himself as a kind,
loving, forgiving and forgetting mar-
ried man. His purse was always
hung outside his pocket, and its con-
tents been most freely expended.
The main difficulty seems to lay in the
discovery that Scratch made a blun-
der in marrying. He supposed his
wife to be an angel, and she proves to
be a woman.

Soon after their marriage Mrs.
Scratch proposed a trip to Europe.
Her husband assented; and after his
adorable 'epous' had consulted with
Parisian milliners and London dress-
makers to her heart's content, she de-
clared her willingness to return with-
out a sight at St. Peter's, or a sail up-
on the Rhine; thus showing her love
of the frivolous overwhelming, the
love of the sublime.

Mr. Scratch had no sooner taken
his American residence and issued
cards for his first levee, before Mrs.
Scratch complained of 'confined
quarters,' and proposed taking her
summer residence at some watering
place. Since then she has become a
perfect belle. Her first coquet seem-
ed to be the favor of a young spring
in the medical faculty, and under pre-
tence of a singular languish on the
little finger of the left hand, Mr.
Scratch was obliged to pay for medi-
cal advice upwards of two hundred
dollars.

All this he has borne with lamb-like
resignation. He has never crossed
his wife in a single particular. Just
before the jubilee, however, he did
speak. Then he expressed a desire
to open his metropolitan residence
and invite a few of his select country
friends, illuminate at evening, and
end the festivities in a manner suited
to the August occasion. The simple
announcement of this fact threw his
wife off her guard. She raved like
a hysteric. 'Did he suppose that she
was going to soil her best drawing
rooms to please the blue noses?' or
that she was going to give the use of
her best chambers to country cousins
who were boorish enough to sleep in
barns?

Scratch did not urge the matter.
His Monogamish whisky reposed in
his cask, his pale sherry lay still in
the quarter cask, his Maderia and
Hock were encircled with cobwebs,
and Scratch felt like one of the 'in-
vited guests.'

Worse than all his wife kept the
keys!

As Lopez had drawn a contest as
much as our friend Scratch, he
never would have thought of posses-
sioning Cuba. Somebody told him a di-
vorce might be obtained; but this
was a female friend who had an eye
to becoming his housekeeper.

Unquestionably enough has been
done but how can it be proved? Be-
sides, who wants to tell what they do
know?

The attorney advised Scratch to
return to his wife, conciliate her con-
fidence, agree upon some terms arbi-
trarily, and make the best of a bad job.
Scratch paid ten dollars for the ad-
vice, wiped his eyes with an em-
broided handkerchief, and added,
with a doleful sigh, 'but I'm afraid
she'll pick my eyes out.'

The last telegraphic account re-
ports the matter 'all settled.'—
Scratch holds the reins while his lady
and a Spanish gentleman sit upon
the back seat. She eats boiled cus-
tard with a silver fork, while Scratch
uses a spoon. The Spanish gentle-
man has a heavy brush under the chin,
and huge whiskers; Scratch has a
smooth face and shaves clean. These
are only outside differences, things
of weightier consequences we pass by.
The moral of our story consists in this:
never marry a coquet for her beauty
nor an aristocrat for her money.

Never believe in walking divinities,
nor terrestrial angels. But should
you be so unfortunate as to make
such a mistake, pocket the knowl-
edge, and never divulge the fact: for
everybody laughs over the rehearsal of
family jars, and nobody pities a mar-
ried man.

COURSHIP OF AN ARKANSAS
GIRL.

Reader, if you have ever lived or
traveled in the state of Arkansas, you
must have remarked the women are
not of the ordinary stamp in regard to
personal courage and spirit. Their na-
ture seems imbued with greatness, and
the pride of the 'scorching' things that
God has placed around them.

When I first went there, I was ac-
quainted with as fine a specimen of
woman—of Arkansas women as you
ever saw. I came I saw, I loved her,
and once thought I had conquered her.
My visits were frequent to her, and
generally up to a pretty late hour of
the night. Her mother—us fine a
lady as you could wish, but of large di-
mensions—slept in an adjoining room
the evening to which I refer, (speci-
ally.) Log cabins are not very com-
pactly built, and sounds can be easily
distinguished from one room to another.
Betty, for that was the name of my
sweetheart, had reciprocated my ideas
on certain points, to my content, and
I had resolved to start home. Taking
my watch, I expressed my surprise, as
I was always in the habit, at the late-
ness of the hour. She said she knew it
must be late from the sounds.

'Sounds,' said I, listening attenti-
vly but hearing nothing that interpret-
ed her meaning. 'Sounds, I don't hear
any.' Again I listened, but without
success.

'Why, Mark,' said she, 'don't you hear
ma snore?' and her face colored up
with anger and pride at what she
deemed my jesting.

'Is your mother snoring?' said I in
utter astonishment. 'I swear I have
been all this time thinking it was the
puffs from an up river steamboat, and
wondered what the deuce made it so
long coming round the bend? Your
mother?'

I was going to say more, but I did
not stranger, for as true as gospel, there
was Bet making right at me, with her
fist ready for the attack. I am not
coward, but I cannot fight women, so I
just incriminately sloped. I have never
since forgotten Betty, and I love yet
as well as ever, but don't go high her
since that unfortunate night.

SUPERSTITIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Most great men have been super-
stitious. The courier in bringing a
letter from England, in which the
death of his old physician, Poldoni,
was stated, Lord Byron remarked: 'I
was convinced something unpleasant
hung over me last night. I expected
to hear that somebody I knew was
dead,' so it turned out. Who can
help being superstitious? Scott be-
lieved in second sight. Rousseau tried
whether he would be damned or not
by aiming at a tree with a stone; Goethe
trusted to the chance of a
knife striking the water whether he
was to succeed in some undertaking.
Swift placed the success of his life
on the drawing of a trout he had
hooked out of the water. Byron, on
another occasion observed: 'Seven
extraordinary things occurred on my
birth day: so they did to Napoleon,
and a more wonderful thing occurred
to Marie Antoinette. At my wed-
ding something whirled about I was
signing my death warrant. At the
last moment I would have retreated
if I could have done. I am a great
believer in presentiments. Socrates's
demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis
had his monitor, and Bonaparte many
warnings.' Byron had also the be-
lief in unlucky days. He once re-
fused to be introduced to a lady be-
cause it was Friday. On this same
ill starred day he would never pay
visits.

Nothing was so much dreaded in
our school-boy days, as to be punish-
ed by setting between two girls. Later-
ly, we have learned to submit to such
things without shedding a tear!

'No man,' said Mrs. Partington,
'was better calculated to judge of
pork, than my poor, dark husband
was; when he was living, poor man,
he knew what good hogs were, for he
had been brought up among 'em from
his childhood.'

TELEGRAPHS IN THE U. S.

The Commonwealth states that there
are already in the United States and
Canada, more than 12,000 miles of wire
involving a capital of \$3,000,000. To
work these lines costs annually 720 tons
of zinc, worth \$57,000, more than a
million pounds of nitric acid, worth
\$115,000, and \$27,000 worth of mer-
cury, besides a considerable value in
sulphuric acid, &c. On the line from
Pittsburgh to Cincinnati alone, there
were transmitted in the year 1850, 364,
569 paid dispatches, and the revenue
received was \$78,278.

ENGLISH LUXURIOSITY.

Few of us whose lives are passed in
republican simplicity, have any definite
idea of the amount of wealth and splen-
dor that surrounds many of the English
nobles in their princely residences. An
intelligent American, writing from
England, describes some of these
things.

The Earl of Spencer's homestead,
about 60 miles from London, comprises
ten thousand acres, tastefully divided
into parks, meadows, pastures, woods
and gardens. His library, called the
finest private library in the world, con-
tains fifty thousand volumes. Exten-
sive and elegant stables, green-houses
and conservatories, game-keeper's house,
dairy house, dog kennels, porter's lodge,
and farm-houses without number, go
to complete the establishment. Hun-
dreds of sheep and cattle graze in the
parks about the house.

The Duke of Richmond's home farm
at Goodwood, 60 miles from London,
consists of 23,000 acres, or 35 square
miles.—And this is in crowded Eng-
land, which has a population of 16,000,
000, and an area of only 49,000 square
miles, or just 32,000,000 of acres, giv-
ing, were the land equally divided, but
two acres to each inhabitant.

The residence of the Duke is a per-
fect palace. One extensive hall is cov-
ered with yellow silk and pictures in
the richest and most costly tapestry.
The dishes and plates upon the table
are of porcelain, silver, and gold.

Twenty-five race horses stand in the
stable, each being assigned to the care
of a special groom. A grove near the
house the ladies spent six years in
adorned. An aviary is supplied with
almost every variety of rare and elegant
birds. Large herds of cattle, sheep and
deer, are spread over the immense
lawns.

The Duke of Devonshire's place at
Chatsworth is said to exceed in magni-
ficence any other in the kingdom. The
income of the Duke is one million of
dollars a year, and he is said to spend
it all.

In the grounds about his house are
kept four hundred head of cattle and
fourteen hundred deer. The kitchen
garden contains twelve acres, and is
filled with almost every species of fruit
and vegetables.

A vast arborvitae connected with the
establishment is designed to contain a
sample of every tree that grows. There
is also a glass conservatory 387 feet in
length, 112 in breadth, 67 in height,
covered by 76,000 square feet of glass,
and warmed by seven miles of pipes
conveying hot water.

One plant was obtained from India
by a special messenger, and is valued
at \$10,000. One of the fountains near
the house plays 276 feet high, said to
be the highest in the world.

Chatsworth contains 3500 acres, but
the duke owns 96,000 acres in the
county of Derbyshire. Within the
entire is one vast scene of paintings,
sculpture, mosaic work, carved wall-
coating, and all the elegancies and luxu-
ries within the reach of almost bound-
less wealth and highly refined taste.—
Exeter News Letter.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED
STATES.

Holbridge's Statistical Almanac for
the year 1852, estimates the number
of newspapers published in the Uni-
ted States, annually, at 412,880,000,
being equal to sixteen and a half cop-
ies year for every man, woman, and
child. While in the British Empire
only one is published for 2,000 of
the inhabitants; in Belgium, one
to every 25,000; in Persia, one to
every 20,184; in Russia, only three
copies to every 1,000,000.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND ITS TRIBU-
TARIES.

From a communication in the St.
Louis Christian Advocate, we extract
the following, which gives us a vast idea
of the magnitude of our western rivers.
We have fifty-one thousand miles of
water communication, washing one of
the most productive and fertile portions
of the globe, to the extent of one hun-
dred and two thousand miles; and all
these streams uniting in one grand
river, and discharging themselves in the
southern gulf through one vast mouth.
Rivers. Miles.

Mississippi and its tributaries, not
including those given be-
low, aggregate length, 14,385
Red, and all its tributaries, 4,125
Arkansas, " " 5,540
White, " " 1,050
Ohio, " " 10,730
Missouri, " " 12,170
Illinois, " " 1,270
Wisconsin, " " 675

Mississippi, with all its inlets,
Outlets or bayous [in all], 153

Total length of the 'Great
River,' with all its parts, 51,000

Why is steam in the boiler of a lo-
comotive like cotton in the hold of a
ship? Because it makes the cargo
a young urchin in a Scottish school
while cyphering on his own slate, put
the following poser to his teacher:
'What did the figures gang tae
do in their rabbit cot?'

THE MARSHALS OF FRANCE.

Marshal Soult was the last of the
eighteen marshals created by Napo-
leon the 19th of May, 1804, the day
after the proclamation of the Empire.
The following is the order in which
they died:

Lannes, duke of Montebello, killed in
1809.

Bessieres, duke of Istria, killed in
1813.

Berthier, prince of Wagram, and
duke of Neuchatel, died June, 1815.

Count Brune, massacred at Avig-
non, in August, 1815.

Murat, grand duke of Berg, after-
wards king of Naples, shot, October,
1815.